Qb. 4353

ÆSOP

AT

BATHE,

OR,

A few Select FABLES

IN

VERSE.

By a Person of Quality.

a Williamite

LONDON,
Printed for *A. Baldwin* in *Warwicklane*,
MDCXCVIII.

TO THE READER.

AND why not Bathe *as good as* Tunbridg? *and* Epſom *as either of both? I know the Virtues of none of our Mineral Waters, yet find that none of 'em all are ſufficient to purge the Heads of the* Jacobites: *Perhaps you'l ſay, that's no fault of the Water, but of the Head, having no* Brains *to work upon. If this be the caſe, I can't help it; could I furniſh Brains, I ſhould e're now have made a better proviſion for my*

ſelf.

ſelf. And for the Jacobites *want of Brains, that's an advantage to the* Commonwealth, *conſidering the ill uſe they would put 'em to; furniſh'd with that Commodity, they would become as miſchievous as a Monkey in a Glaſs-ſhop, or a Madman with a Sword in his hand. VVere their wit anſwerable to their malice, what an abominable ſpot of VVork would they make? we ſhould have a fine Kettle of Fiſh on't I'll warrant you. 'Tis a wonderful comfort, good Reader, that* curſt Cows have ſhort Horns, *otherwiſe the Government would be moſt damnably gor'd. But really a* Jacobite *is a moſt inoffenſive Creature, as harmleſs as a little Devil of two years old, he'll do you no more*

hurt

hurt than he can; and if he does you any good, he'l be extreamly ſorry for't. He's very well read in the noble Hiſtories, Pariſmus, Raynard *the* Fox, *and* Tom Thumb; *and this qualification introduces him into the worſhipful Club at* Epſom *or* Tunbridg, *where they make Plots, and ſuch pretty Plots too as were never known, hanging being the end of ſome, and nothing the end of others; but their laſt Plot was the fineſt thing, a very high Kick, Mr. Reader, a Fable Plot, where Birds and Beaſts ſpeak as much ſenſe as any* Jacobite *of 'em all; and the end of this Plot was Morals. The* Jacobites *never yet had any Morals in the beginning, middle, nor end of their Lives; and this hap'ning now*

is very extraordinary, I am afraid they are going to wind up their Bottom, and are in the ſame condition the Devil was in when he turn'd Monk. So much for their Fables; *now, Reader, go on, and thou'lt find that I write* Fables *too, only with this difference, mine are for the Government, theirs againſt it; theirs writ by a Club, mine by my ſelf: they have had ever ſince* Perkins *and* Friend *were hang'd to write theirs, I only one day. Now whether thou likeſt my* Fables *or no I can't tell, nor do I care;* Fables *I will write for all thee or any body elſe, and ſo farewel.*

ÆSOP

ÆSOP AT BATHE.

FAB. I.

Fair Warning.

A Certain Poet in Lampoon
Abus'd the Fop, the Beau, Buffoon,
All sorts of great and little Knaves,
Would make Kings Beasts, and People Slaves.
The Court condemn'd his Lines to Fire,
And with the Offspring would the Sire.

The Poet is in Limbo taken,
And hard it is to ſave his Bacon.
The Judg doth rail, the Courtiers bawl,
And quite alive is grown *Whitehall.*
The Poet to appeaſe the Storm,
Said he, my Lords, I meant no harm;
Here's no man nam'd, no ſcandal mag',
And all the reſt's not worth a Rag.
Up ſtood a Lord, look'd mighty big,
With Senſe ſcarce half ſo long as Wig:
And by your leave, good Maſter Poet,
For this wiſe Board's reſolv'd to know it,
Who 'tis you mean by Fools and Knaves,
And beaſtly Kings, and abject Slaves.
My Lord, he ſaid, none in his Wits,
But thinks, I mean, each Knave it hits.

FAB. II.

James II

The Fox and the Poultry.

AN aged *Fox* that ravag'd Woods and Plains,
Dread Fo to *Cocks* and *Hens*, and Country Swains;
The moſt Tyrannick *Reynard* e're was known,
Since Beaſts bore rule, and hector'd on a Throne.
He neither young nor old, when hungry, ſpar'd;
Alike the Lambkins and the Henroſt far'd.
But Age retards at laſt his haſty flight,
He plunders not ſo much by day, nor ravages by night;
Grown weak and feeble, Wit muſt now ſupply
His want of Strength——
No kind good-natur'd *Fox* will bring him Food,
He ſtill muſt ſhare the Fortune of the Wood.

One day as hungry *Reynard* ſat alone,
His empty Guts and Fortune did bemoan;
Said he, I'll try what aged Craft can do,
New Methods find, a new Device purſue:
Hard by a Tarbox lay, ſome careleſs Swain
Had left when he kept Sheep upon the Plain.
Projecting *Reynard* with a diligent care
Bedawbs his Belly, Sides and Back with Tar:
Then to a Ditch he goes, where t'other day
He did a *Hen* and all her *Chickens* ſlay;
Their Feathers ſtill lay ſcatter'd on the Ground,
In which the *Fox* did wallow, tumble round
The Feathers ſticking ſtill as he did rowl,
Made him reſemble much a larger Fowl.
And thus transform'd into a new diſguiſe,
Unto a neighbouring *Henroost* ſtrait he hies:
And juſt beneath the *Rooſt* his ſtation took,
And looking on the *Perch*, the *Poultry* thus be-
ſpoke. Kind

Kind gentle *Cocks* and *Hens* I am
No more your Foe:
What once I did, is now my ſhame,
And for the future I the ſame
No more will do.

I come not as an Enemy
Your Lives to take,
But would with you in Friendſhip be,
As you may judg if you but ſee
The Clothes upon my Back.

Come down then Friends, a laſting Truce
'Twixt you and I;
I'll neither *Cocks* nor *Hens* abuſe;
Let us ſhake hands as Lovers uſe,
Be Friends until we die.

No, quoth the *Cock*, you will as much devour
As e're you did, were but it in your power:
Your vain pretence of Kindneſs we abhor,
And from our *Perch* we will not downward ſtir:
You've chang'd your Coat, but have not chang'd your name;
If that were alter'd too, your Nature is the ſame.

In vain do thoſe, who heretofore
Our Liberties betray'd
Unto a wild Deſpotick Pow'r,
And level all our Fences laid:

In vain they talk of Property,
Or think to be believ'd;
Their Actions give their Tongue the lie:
Who can be thus deceiv'd?

Their vain pretence of publick Good
Is for ſiniſter Ends;
And who the Dee'l, when underſtood,
Won'd be ſuch Villains friends?

They'd feed the Flock, only to ſteal the Fleece;
When the Fox *preaches, then beware the* Geeſe.

FAB.

Fab. III.

The Poor Man and the Devil.

A Lab'ring *Swain* had been at work,
And all his Limbs had tir'd,
By uſing Shovel, and the Fork,
To reſt at Night retir'd.

So ſweet's the ſleep of Country *Swains*,
Such undiſturb'd Repoſe
Accompanies their daily pains,
That Peace about them flows.

No diſmal Viſions do affright,
No Dreams do 'ere approach;
Within the Curtains of the Night
They ſleep as ſound as any Roach.

But

But now the *Swain*, in dead of night,
An airy Phantom ſaw;
A cloven-footed hideous Spright
Him out of Bed did draw:

And led him to an Orchard fair,
Where pointing to a Tree,
Beneath that Stock, he ſaid, is there
A Fund of Gold for thee.

But how, reply'd the ſleeping *Swain*,
Shall I this Treaſure find,
Or know that ſelf-ſame Tree again,
No mark being left behind?

Then quoth the *Deel*, ſhit near the place,
And thus, upon my word,
To morrow when thou view'ſt the Graſs,
Thou't know it by the T—.

Thus did the *Swain*; when he awoke,
And rais'd his drouzy Head,
He found not as the *Devil* ſpoke,
But found a T—— in Bed.

Thus ſleeping Jacks *do dream and ſnore,*
And pleaſe their fooliſh mind,
In thinking what they were before,
And what henceforth they'l find.

But if they would right meaſures take,
And govern'd be by Wit;
When once their Reaſon do's awake,
They'l find their Cauſe beſhit.

Fab. IV.

The Fox and Grapes.

1. A *Fox* eſpy'd a bunch of *Grapes*,
Moſt beauteous in their Nature;
He grinn'd like any Jackanapes,
And all his Teeth did water.

2. He ſtriv'd to reach 'em, but in vain;
He leapt, and ſprang as high
As any Beaſt of *Reynard*'s ſtrain,
But could not reach them nigh.

3. He ſaid, 'tis true, they do look fair,
Yet ſowr are, I know;
So let 'em hang ev'n as they are,
I'll march, and let 'em grow.

Thus Rebels do by Governments
They cannot undermine ;
They let the King, the God alone,
Tho not adore his Shrine.

'Tis well their hands are made ſo ſhort,
That they can reach no higher,
Elſe we ſhou'd all be burned for't,
They'd ſet the World on fire.

FAB. V.

The Fool's Concern.

TWO *Fools* were born, and might live free,
And ſtrugled much for Slavery:
One prais'd a Goal 'bove an Eſtate,
And ſwore, no Window's like a Grate.
One lik'd the Faſhions Frenchmen uſe;
But above all of Wooden Shoos:
Envy'd the Muſick of his Betters,
Th' harmonious noiſe of jingling Fetters.
Whilſt they at one another grumbl'd,
One on a pair of Fetters ſtumbl'd;
Near which another pair did ſhine,
Tho not ſo big, nor half ſo fine.
The *Fools* begin a new Conteſt,
Not which of them ſhou'd have the beſt,

But

But which the biggeſt Chain ſhou'd wear.
A Country fellow being near,
Said he, the thing is quickly done,
Join both the Fetters into one,
And let each Man put in a Foot,
The Devil tak't if this don't do't.

If England *ſtill is in extremes,*
And will not yet be ſav'd,
Call in the French, and late King James,
And your compleat enſlav'd.

Fab. VI.

The Farmer and the Badger.

A *Badger* once did ravage all the Fields
Belonging to a Farm;
Dug up the Earth, and ſpoil'd all that it yields,
And did a wond'rous harm.

The *Farmer* halloo'd on his Dog,
Thinking thereby to quell her;
But being bred to hunt the Hog,
He knew not how to kill her.

The *Farmer* ſends for a young Squire
To come with all his Hounds;
His and their Aid he dos require,
To beat her from her Mounds.

The

The Squire came, with all his Hounds
The *Badger* did purſue.
He ravag'd all the *Farmer*'s Grounds,
And kill'd the *Badger* too.

Some little miſchief true he did,
In beating down the Corn,
And breaking Hedges as he rid:
So ſmall a Loſs was born.

For, ſays the *Farmer*, now my Sheep
May more ſecurely graze;
My Poultry may the Henrooſt keep,
I'm better than I was.

If our deliverance from our Foes,
And Popiſh Tyrannie,
Ben't worth the Mony has been roſe,
'Tis pity we are free.

'Tis certain wiſely we have done,
To keep the Nation ſafe,
In giving part as we have done,
To ſave the better half.

FAB. VII.

The Cure of Malecontents.

A Son unto his Father wrote,
That he would him adviſe,
How men might be to reaſon brought,
That never were born wiſe:

How a tumultuous brood of Fools,
That never are content,
Might once be poliſh'd into Tools,
And fit for Government:

How thoſe who for a many years
Have long'd for Slavery,
At once might loſe their Aſſes Ears,
And covet to be free.

The Father mildly told the Son,
In the Attempt he'd falter:
No *Cure* upon them could be done,
But by a hempen Halter.

FAB. VIII.

The Ravens and Crows.

A Lusty Horse, not long ago,
Would snuffle, snort and kick,
Curvet and prance, as others do,
Was fallen wondrous sick.

'Twas far from any House or Town,
No Doctor cou'd be got;
So the poor Beast must die alone,
And without burial rot:

He restless lay upon the Ground,
And turn'd from side to side:
His Groans the neighboring Woods resound,
Where Birds of prey reside.

No ſooner did they hear the noiſe,
But from the Woods they flew,
Whole Troops of *Ravens*, and the *Crows*,
And round the Horſe they drew.

At length a *Raven* of renown,
Strutting like Prince of *Conde*;
As black as any Parſon's Gown
He wears upon a Sunday:

Gets on a Mole-hill, look'd around,
And thus beſpoke the *Crows*;
We're antient Friends, and without ground
We will not now be Foes.

You know, by Contract, we're to have
The Carrion of this place;
And you the other ſide did crave,
Such our Agreement was.

No,

No, quoth the *Crows*, this very place
To us is free as Air;
And how dare you with ſuch a face,
Oppoſe ſuch numbers here?

Ay, quoth the *Raven*, then we'l try
To whom it doth belong;
But firſt let the poor Creature die,
Then ſee who's right or wrong.

Both ſides reſolv'd to fight it out,
Each do's advantage take;
They march, and march, and march about,
And each one whets his Beak.

They view the Ground, and mark the Camp,
And the Approaches form;
Contrive the eaſieſt methods how
They may the Carcaſe ſtorm.

Mean

Mean time the Horſe lies dangerous ill,
Yet ſhites, and farts, and groans;
Good ſigns, they ſay, in Phyſick skill,
And ſtretching of the Bones.

The Horſe (tho helpleſs) by degrees,
Began to gather ſtrength;
At firſt he riſes on his Knees,
And on his Legs at length.

The Birds of prey were all ſurpris'd,
And all away they flew;
The Battel's thus on both ſides loſt,
And all the Carrion too.

Thus ſome, whom neither Peace nor Wars
Can ſatisfy, ſtill hope for Jars;
That by great Princes falling out,
They may their Buſineſs bring about.

And Wonders muſt be done and ſaid,
When once the King of Spain *is dead;*
But he, like Horſe, prevents the fight,
And is reſolv'd to live in ſpite.

FAB. IX.

The Parſon and Whig.

A Jolly *Whig* upon the Road,
As people ſay, met Man of God;
A Firſt-rate Clergyman was he,
And of *Bellſwagger*'s Family:
At School the laſh did oft endure,
And was dragg'd up by Dr. *Cluer*.
So bravely mounted was the Parſon,
That better Steed no man laid Arſe on:
Stopping the *Whig*, he bid him ſtand,
And give the *Church* the better hand:
Thou look'ſt like ſome diſſenting Prig.
Good morrow, *Parſon*, quoth the *Whig*,

Pray,

Pray, why that, Sir, upon my Coat?
Quoth *Whig*, I value not a Groat
Thy Coat, nor Church, nor Common-pray'r,
Nor all Aſh-wedneſday Curſes there:
Yet to the Church I can be civil;
But ſtop't by Prieſt, it is the Devil.
Quoth *Parſon*, if thoul't hold a Parley,
At yonder Town's good Juice of Barley:
Thy looks, I'm ſure, will never fail,
For by thy Noſe thou lov'ſt good Ale;
And there in a reformed Cup,
This Difference we will make up.
With all my heart, ſaid *Whig*, I'll do't;
And ſo away they both did trot.
As *Parſon* near the Road did look,
He found a Common-prayer Book.
Half cry'd the *Whig*; no, ſaid the *Prieſt*,
This do's belong to me at leaſt:

Half had been thine, had it been *Rito*;
But this is mine, *Jure Divino.*
The *Whig* inſiſted on his half;
The Book was good, and bound in Calf,
Wou'd mony fetch; rather than fail,
He'd have it melted down in Ale.
Quoth *Prieſt*, that is profanely ſpoke;
Nothing's ill ſaid, that's not ill took:
I know not, Sir, but it may be
'Gainſt Act of Uniformity,
Which I remember, do's declare,
That we ſhou'd read, not drink the Pray'r.
This Book was bought, I muſt confeſs,
With *Mammon* of Unrighteouſneſs.
And if we ſell it on this ſcore,
It is but what it was before,
'Twill make us drink, and ſing and roar.

No longer now with difference clogg'd,
The *Prieſt* and *Whig* together jogg'd;
To Alehouſe come, they both alight,
And 'ere they enter'd went to ſhite;
For Guts o'reloaded ſometimes burſt,
The way to fill 's to empty firſt:
They paſt the Glaſs in Bumpers big,
And here's t'ye *Prieſt*, and here's t'ye *Whig*.
The Hoſteſs ſcarce could get a ſup,
So faſt they drank the Liquor up,
She's forc'd to tap another Tub.
The Paſſive Ale did often venture,
At non-reſiſting Mouth did enter;
So quick it paſt about, that all
The ready *Rino*'s drown'd in Ale;
No Juice remain'd within the Glaſs,
And eke the Pot full empty was.

Now good reſerve of Prayer-Book,
From underneath the Gown was took:
To work again in Liquor ſtout,
They Orthodoxly drink about:
At every tiff is gulpt at once
A learned Collect or Reſponſe.
Two Glaſſes in a hand they ſeize on,
Which go for firſt and ſecond Leſſon.
The Ale doth in right Channel go,
Modo Eccleſiaſtico.
All's fairly done, without a Trick,
No man is here a Schiſmatick.
The drinking Orders all obſerve,
And not one bit from Canon ſwerve;
And drinking Articles would ſign,
Tho they were more than Thirty nine.
Now, ſaid the Prieſt, the Book is gone,
I've a good mind to pawn my Gown.

Ay, do, ſaid *Whig*, thy Caſſock too,
And Cirſingle; if that won't do,
Rather than leave thee in the lurch,
I'll help thee pawn the very Church,
And ſell the Bells, Communion Plate,
There is no Sacrilege in that.
Says Hoſteſs, now the Tub's on ſtoop;
If 'twill afford another Cup,
It ſhall be mine, ſince you this day
Have taught me how to brew and pray.
Thus two good Friends were forc't to part,
Like Thief from *Prieſt* in *Tyburn* Cart:
'Twas want of Liquor, not of Will,
Or elſe they had been at it ſtill.

How much Religion is abus'd;
How little Honeſty is us'd,

By thoſe who do profeſs the ſame;
How much the Sacred Name
Is every where profan'd,
How deeply ſtain'd,
The Parſon's *Gown,*
A Friend to none,
But to himſelf alone.
Lord! how we heard 'em cant, and pray, and whine,
And preach up Monarchy of Right Divine.
Why did they ſo?
It was their Intereſt ſo to do.
When Right Divine new Clergy-men did ſeek,
Seiz'd on the Church, and made the Tithe-pig ſqueek;
Paſſive Obedience now was preacht no more;
Inſtead of which the Churches Canons roar,
Reach'd with Complaints the Belgick ſhoar.

The

The Northern Lion o're the Seas did paſs,
And ſcar'd away the Church's Aſs;
The Church, by whoſe advice he ruin'd was.
They'l make, and govern Kings, but none obey,
But where their Intereſt leads the way:
Intereſt, for which they'd pawn their very God,
Their Church, their Principles: 'tis very odd,
A King ſhou'd truſt men will be brib'd with Gold,
And not be heedful when another's ſold.

This alludes to Wm III employing & countenancing some of the Jacobite Clergy.

FINIS.

FINIS